



SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1903



COME AND DINE.

What is this form on the sandy beach,
Busy with work sublime?
Lying a hall in human speech,
Bidding them come and dine.

With soiled hands He gathers the wood,
Roasting the fish in the sun.
Preparing for hungry men their food,
When tolls of the sea are done.

What are these marks on His manly feet?
On His brow where the crown should be,
A generous hall to the fishermen's feet,
And a meal by the side of the sea.

Wholesome fears on their souls were cast,
Reverent worship given,
A double meal, a sweet repast,
O rarest bread from Heaven.

Bread for the body, bread for the soul,
By resurrection power,
A bread complete to make them whole,
Crown of their lasting power.

—Rev. H. T. Miller, in N. Y. Observer.

HAPPINESS.

Not to Be Found by Those Who Seek
It by Lowering of Moral
Standards.

If we judge men by their actions,
and the objects which they pursue,
their chief desire seems to be that
they may attain happiness. A man is
said blessed who can invent a new
toy, or show his fellow men the way
to further pleasures. The chief ques-
tion asked, in a change of position or
occupation, often is: "Will I like the
new place better than the old?"

Men will toil hard, early and late,
and do it willingly if you can only
show them a recompense of happiness
at the end of it all.

But this world is after all a sad
one. It is full of disappointment,
sorrow, sorrow, baffled and defeated
men. The cynic is everywhere in evi-
dence. Bright hopes are blasted.
Riches take unto themselves wings
and fly away. Position, talent, and
hopeful worldly influence are no pro-
tection against the plague of black
bore.

We have then, says the Chicago Ad-
vance, the anomaly of man fitted for
happiness, and desiring it above
all things, yet having it flee from him.
Some philosophers have declared that
the whole world is an illusion, and
that there is no such thing as reality.
It is impossible, we are told, for a
man to attain the things which he
desires and that it is useless for
him to fret himself about them. The
Greeks expressed this idea in the
fable of Tantalus in Tartarus. He
was immersed in water up to his chin
and a tree loaded with luscious fruits
hung its branches just over his head.
He was thirsty and hungry, but when he
attempted to drink, the water fled
from him, and when he tried to pick
the fruit, just above his head, it van-
ished away.

But why should happiness flee from
a man, when he so ardently desires it?
The trouble is that men for the most
part seek it through relaxation, and
the lowering of the standards. It is
the old story of Adam and Eve over-
again. There was a settling down of
moral integrity on their part for the
grasping of what they considered a
greater happiness. Men ask to-day:
"Why should we obey this or that law
of God, man, or of our moral nature,
when it bars the way to our enjoy-
ment?" This is part of the revolt
against what men call "Puritanism."
The Chinaman smokes his opium pipe
regardless of the consequences, be-
cause it, for the time being, brings to
him dreams of surprising bliss. Men
seem to care little for the conse-
quences in their pleasures, and hence
some their wanderings in bleak wil-
dernesses.

Jesus Christ showed that if a man
would be truly happy he must attain
to this happiness through a mastery
of the situation. There is no joy like
that of the victor. It is the man who
has gone down into the tumult and
uproar of life and fought and con-
quered in some good cause who tastes
of the nectar of supreme joy. The
master words with Christ were:
"Fight, watch and pray; here is the
entrance to the real Utopia for which
men seek. The man who has no mas-
tery over his appetites, passions and
temper can never know what genuine
joy is.

The conditions of happiness which
produce no illusions and brighter
more and more unto a perfect day are
not difficult to name. There must be
some supreme object of love and hope
upon which the heart is fixed. There
must be a harmony with the will of
God. There must be endurance in the
cause of Jesus Christ. There must be
an inner peace which no outer tur-
moil can disturb.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

It is God's glory to help at a pinch.
If you want to remember truth medi-
tate, repeat, confer. Act it as soon as you
hear it.

Under sin we are free to do anything
but good; under Christ we are free to
do anything but evil.

Come, said Latimer, to the public
meetings, though thou comest to sleep;
it may be God may take thee napping.
Absence is without hope.

God made man after His image, and
man (to requite Him) will needs make
etc. image; cast Him away.

in their base mold, and make an idol of
Him. Xenophanes was wont to say,
that if beasts were able to paint, they
would portray a god like to themselves.
—Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt, in N. Y. Ob-
server.

PERILS OF PRIVILEGE.

Position, Family and Wealth All
Mean Added Responsibility for
Those Exceptionally Favored.

Christ taught a proportionate respon-
sibility, says the Boston Congrega-
tionalist. "To whosever much is
given, of him much shall be required;
and to whom they commit much, of
him will they ask the more." Great gifts
and privileges, therefore, carry with
them a corresponding danger. This
is so with personal gifts, it is doubly
so with our relation to corporate bod-
ies in which we hold a membership.
The strong man likes to use his
strength. He may use it for evil, but
he is not likely to let it lie unused.
In the parable it is not the one who
has ten talents who hides them away
unused. The great danger is more
frequently with the weak, who rest
upon the attainment of others, and
fail to exert and improve what
strength they have. The perils arising
from privileges are most frequently
the perils of the weak and the few
talented.

One such peril is that of narrowness
of view. Prosperity is, on the whole,
exceptional, but the thoughtless mem-
bers of a successful church or com-
pany are apt to fall out of sympathy
with the unsuccessful members. Mem-
bers of strong churches hear with
some impatience the call for help in
mission fields. They are used to
strength, their imagination is too feeble
to enable them to sympathize with
the struggle and hardship in which
all great work begins. The person-
ally prosperous, especially the prosper-
ous through inheritance, have little
patience with poverty or misfortune,
which too often seem like crimes. But
to be unsympathetic is to be dead to
the fellowship of believers, to whom
Christ prophesied that they must suf-
fer tribulation.

In the same way, pride of family is
often treated as if it were a virtue
which the owner had himself ac-
quired, instead of a responsibility
which God has laid upon him. This
view of good descent as a ground of
personal merit is as common as it is
amusing, but it easily becomes a peril
to the soul. The same is often true
of national pride, which also is God's
call to great responsibilities. To be
an American is only a matter of choice
to those who are not born Americans.
To be a good American is a responsi-
bility and an opportunity. The danger
is that we may think that because
America is so strong we can afford to
be weak or careless citizens. To be
an American is little. Three assassi-
nations of three presidents have been
Americans by birth or choice. But
to be the right sort of an American is
much.

The church is made up of men who
lift, and men who lean, of men who
are feeders of strength, and men who
are parasites. The world is in need
of a whole-souled, unanimous, growing
and Christ-like church. It is a peril
of privilege if any disciple believes
that this need does not include his
own enthusiasm and growth toward
strength. The strong can never help
the weak as they might do, until every
church has all the working force at
its disposal which God has given. The
bracing atmosphere of struggle may be
far better for the soul than confidence
in the attainments and the strength
of which we are a part, but to which
we contribute nothing.

TWO KINDS OF SYMPATHY.

One Kind Bestows a Miserable Sort
of Comfort, the Other Is
Truly Helpful.

Sympathy is a word set over from
the Greek, and means "suffering with."
Hence one who sympathizes with an-
other suffers with him. In our careless
use of the word we do not put so much
meaning into it. As generally em-
ployed, it means that one has a gentle
touch of pity for another who is in
trouble. In order to have it signify
anything worth while we should put its
full meaning into it when we use it.

There are two kinds of sympathy,
says Wellspring. There is a so-called
sympathy that is simply depressing.
If one is in trouble, it makes his trou-
ble seem greater and harder to bear.
It weeps with one, but not in a comfort-
ing way. On the contrary, it makes one
feel that he indeed has occasion to weep,
and that there is no real solace for him.
If one is cast down because of his health,
it makes him almost give up all hope
of recovery. In his friends Job had
sympathizers, but he was justified in
saying to them: "Miserable comforters
are ye all."

The other is a sympathy that puts
heart, hope, manhood into one. If one
is cast down it leaves him cheered.
Afterwards the obstacles do not look
so formidable or the clouds so black.
In our despondent words we magnify our
troubles; helpful sympathy enables us
to see them in their true proportions.
This kind of sympathy not only weeps
with those who are sorrowful, but
speaks a comforting word. It does not
merely pity the unfortunate, it puts out
a hand to lift him up. If one really
sympathizes—suffers with—another, he
will do something besides condole, if
something besides condolence is needed.

Sympathize with others, as you would
like to have others sympathize with you.
In a Slow Death.
Worry is slow death and neither hospi-
tal nor asylum can bring relief. The
physician cannot cure it. All the ozone
of the mountains and the soft salt
breezes of the sea are powerless in its
presence. Flee worry; it is the bane of
all peace.—United Presbyterian.

Based on Divine Love.
The sacrifice of Christ is a part of the
very essence of Christianity, but the
basis of Christianity is the eternal love
of God.—Henry Drummond.

The Usual Fate.
Contentment is better far, they say.
Then wealth, but Oh, my brother!
We just plod on from day to day
With neither one nor t'other.
—Philadelphia Press.

Macedonia, the
Land of Unrest

Locations, Conditions, People and Govern-
ment Contribute to Her Unhappy State.

MACEDONIA has been in a
state of ferment these many
years past, has been actively
encouraged by Bulgaria
and Greece to rebel against
the irksome rule of the sul-
tan. The Macedonians have also had
the example of Crete for encourage-
ment; but Macedonia is not an island,
and the Macedonians "have the fate of
both the Armenians and Thessalians to
warn them that on the mainland the
Turk cannot be resisted by half-drilled
forces."

Put Greeks, Bulgarians and Turks to-
gether, and it goes without saying that
peace will depart from their joint abode.
The fiery Greek, the wily Turk, the revo-
lutionary Bulgarian, none of them are
wont to turn the other cheek to the
smiter. Brolls within, egged on by
brothers without, thus to the layman ap-
pears the situation in Macedonia.

Macedonia, just where is it? We all
know more or less about old classic
Macedonia and her vaguely outlined ter-
ritory; but modern Macedonia? Her
limits, people, government?

Macedonia, a part of European Tur-
key, lies between Bulgaria and the
Aegean sea, and comprises the vilayet
(province) of Salonika, and parts of the

tionaries, in the end good is to come.
So Turks have been goaded, and prob-
ably they needed little goading, to at-
tack Christian Macedonians from
time to time, and there has certainly
been enough cruelty and oppression to
cause a general revolt. However, the
powers as yet have not intervened very
zealously, as after the dreadful Bul-
garian atrocities; and the Bulgarian
revolutionaries ask themselves why history
in this instance fails to repeat
itself.

We have said that Greece also has
taken a hand in this neighbor's affairs.
For a time Turkey had as much trouble
with the guerrilla bands of Greeks as
she had been having with Bulgarian in-
vaders. The Greeks have aided the
Macedonians with arms and reinforce-
ments not infrequently, and Greek free-
booter as well as Macedonian and Al-
banian outlaw have added considerably
to the country's turmoil. But the Greeks
probably have been actuated as much
by jealousy of the increasing powers
of the Bulgarians in Macedonia as by
thought of a crusade against the Turk.

In regard to the government of Mac-
edonia. It has long been the custom that
some palace favorite of the sultan
should rule a vilayet, and certain cour-



MAP GIVING THE LOCATION OF MACEDONIA.

vilayets of Kossava and Monastir; thus
bordering on eastern Roumelia, Bul-
garia, Serbia and Montenegro; a con-
siderable territory. The mass of the
population to the south is Greek in the
people, while to the north the peo-
ple are "Slav in language, manners, cus-
toms, names and aspirations." The Bul-
garians, who live in the north, are large-
ly engaged in agriculture; in the cities
the ruling Turks and the Greeks form
the commercial class, though the Bul-
garians are beginning to oust the lat-
ter. At the foot of the mountains are
clustered various Albanian villages, and
the Albanians inhabit almost exclu-
sively the part of the northwest territory.
When one calls to mind that the Mo-
hammedan brigand, a cruel rather than
picturesque outlaw, preys upon travel-
er and villager, one realizes there are
disturbing elements a plenty in this
land. Squabbles in regard to religion
and schools have been numerous among
these different folk, but do not consti-
tute the whole of the Macedonian prob-
lem, as is believed by not a few. The Bul-
garian church separated from the Greek
church in 1870, and since that time the
question of religion has divided Greek
and Bulgarian. Add to this religious
incompatibility the fanaticism of the
Muslim and one gets further idea
of the state of affairs in unquiet Mac-
edonia.

Macedonia, with its magnificent for-
ests, wild mountains, and beautiful
streams is a land of grand picturesqueness.
Much of Macedonia is fertile,
fruit and grain richly rewarding the
cultivator, but war's ravages interfere
terribly with the development of the coun-
try's resources.

The Bulgarians have been great mix-
ers in the Macedonian troubles, if not
instigators of it all. Their ideas, and
the methods employed and directed by
them to attain the freedom of Mac-
edonia, seem to the world at large some-
what peculiar, to say the least. This is
the plan, as again understood by the
laymen—by going themselves into
Macedonia and murdering bands of
Turks to stir the Turks to retaliate by
cruel massacres of Christian Mac-
edonians; and then for the powers to in-
tervene in behalf of the persecuted
Christians. It is a little hard on the
Christians, to be sure, but according to
the reasoning of the Bulgarian revolu-

tionaries have had in their hands
the governing of the vilayets of Mac-
edonia. The pashaw appoints the offi-
cers, and the nominees send sums of
money to their patrons in payment for
their places. Which does not minister
to the purity of politics, or insure wise
governing—a murderer can buy pardon,
if he have a few hundred pounds with
which to purchase it; a Mussulman goes
uncondemned, a Christian is treated
with severity; tortures are common; an
officer indulges freely in carrying on
persecutions, if it be his whim, or he
takes to himself any villager's wife he
may happen to covet; he tries to crush
out all spirit of independence, has al-
most unbridled power over those below
him.

The powers have been appealed to
from time to time; the porte has ap-
pealed, complaining of Bulgarians giv-
ing refuge to Macedonian rebels. Bul-
garia has addressed the powers, asking
their influence to bring about reforms in
the Turk's rule of Macedonia. Ger-
many, Great Britain and France not
long ago joined with Russia and Aus-
tria-Hungary in calling the porte's at-
tention to the necessity for reforms
there, and the wily Turk replied that
certain improvements should be forth-
coming. But the revolt has gone on;
the Macedonians saying the projected
reforms were the same as existing regu-
lations and never would be enforced.

One cannot but feel sympathy for
struggling Macedonia, living under the
rule of "Pashaws from whom no man's
life or no woman's honor is safe for
12 hours together; and yet what would
the country do if it were to obtain the
freedom for which it so vehemently
calls? The Macedonians do not want
to be either Austrian or Russian.

Whilst asking aid of Greece year after
year, they failed to give Greece aid in
her time of need, when their assistance
would have been of determining value.
They ask Bulgaria to be on their side,
but refuse to ally themselves with Bul-
garia and thus strengthen both her
and their interests. And yet if Macedonia
were to become a separate principality,
it is quite to be expected Slavo-Mac-
edonians and Graeco-Macedonians would
at once set to work to try which were
the stronger, better fitted to dominate.
We can scarce expect of Macedonia that
union which makes for strength.

KATHERINE POPE.

An Air Cushion.
A little bird sat on a telegraph wire,
And said to his mate: "I declare,
If wireless telegraphy comes into vogue,
We'll all have to sit on the air."
—London Fishing Gazette.

The Real Question.
Pat—Sure, I'd lay down me loife for
you, Norah!
Norah—But would yez lay down a
arr-pet for me, Puck?
—Puck.

Compulsory Temperance.
Casey—Kelly hasn't th' price av a
chink.
Costigan—How do yez know that?
Casey—Hea'n't th' chinkin'—Judge.

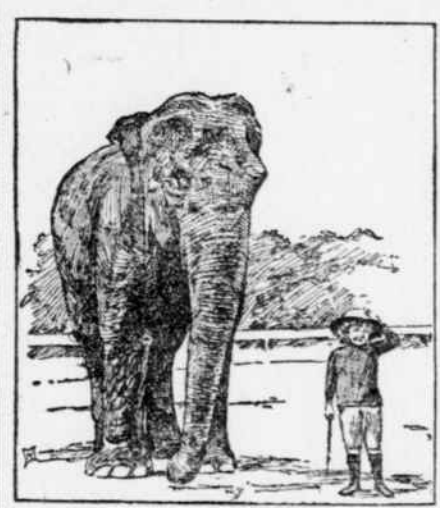
A Definition.
"Pa, what is a fray?"
"Why my son, that is what a per-
son who has never been in a fight
calls it."—Puck.



"**T**HAT'LL do now, Babe," said
the animal trainer, extricat-
ing himself from the serpen-
tine embrace of a great black trunk.
"She's very playful, Babe is," he
added, somewhat breathlessly, which
was natural, for Babe and her mate
had been playing ball with him, throw-
ing him from one to the other and
catching him beautifully in a manner
calculated to inspire a baseball roter.
"She's a good deal friskier than Basil.
You see, she's only half as old as Basil,
who is 60 this year."

Babe was stamping her foot, just
like an infant, and demanding more
play. Frank Healey, the trainer, pat-
ted her on the trunk and said: "I guess
she won't be contented now till Evan
comes around. He's my son, you know,
and he can do more with these two fel-
lows than I can."

So he sallied forth to find Evan, and
his visitors went with him, expecting
to see a big, husky animal trainer like



EVAN AND BASIL.

his father. But all they saw was a
yellow head full of curls peering shyly
from behind a tree and vanishing as
soon as the strangers approached.

Dragged forth finally by the arm,
with his face turned bashfully away,
behold Evan, aged four years and 11
months, master of the elephants.

In the doorway of the elephant house
the parental grasp relaxed and with a
dive Evan got between the mighty
wrinkled pillars that supported Babe.

That playful young creature had her
vast ears thrust forward like immense
banners. Her piggy eyes were all
a-twinkle. She gurgled deep down in
her caverns, like a mountain full of
sizzling hot water.

Gently, ever so gently, her big trunk
with its pink orifice reached out and
seized the little chap. Slowly she
rocked him to and fro while he sat,
holding to the trunk as calmly as other
children would hold to the ropes of a
swing. But Basil wanted a bit of it,
too. She reached and pranced and
trumped until Babe swung Evan over
to her. A toss, and a catch, and Basil
had the boy. Back and forth they
swung him like a ball, but with a care
and gentleness that seemed impossi-
ble in creatures so huge.

A muttered word from Healey, and
Basil lifted the little golden-haired
trainer up, until she held him ten
feet above the ground. Then the trunk
curved backwards and set him as softly
as if he were bisque on her big back.
He sat there a few moments, slapping
the leathery skin down the sloping
back to the tail, swung from it as if
it were a rope, and let himself drop to
the ground, while Basil and Babe
trumped and wagged their ears,
watching for him to appear between
their legs again.

"Safe!" said Mr. Healey. "Why, of
course. I'd rather have Evan play with

the elephants than with other children.
They take as good care of him as any
nurse could. Every morning they are
restless till he comes. And as for him,
he is always in here. He plays among
their feet and lets them swing him up
on their backs all day long. They
wouldn't step on him, no indeed. They
take more care not to hurt him than a
human being would. See here."

He lifted the boy up to Babe's left
ear and commanded: "Listen, Babe.
Something to say to you."

Babe stuck her ear out and inclined
her head toward the boy, while he
talked into her ear. Then she nodded
her head wisely and grunted.

Healey dropped the boy. Evan
stepped alongside of Babe and slapped
her on the leg as high up as he could
reach, which wasn't higher than a
short man's knee. "Down, Babe, down,"
he said. Babe looked at him with a
funny look of appeal in her eye. She
wiggled her tail and flitted her trunk
and turned her head away, saying
plainly: "Let's talk of something else."
But the baby trainer was insistent.
And Babe sighed—a rumbling, roaring
sigh, as if a steam engine were to
whisper: "Oh, my!"

Then, with a weary grunt, she held
her trunk out to him coaxingly. But
Evan only patted it and cried shrilly:
"Down, Babe, I say." So Babe, look-
ing as if she had no friend on earth,
grunted once more and dropped labori-
ously to her fore knees. With another
plunge that shook the elephant house
she let herself fall cumbrously on
her side, and stuck her four feet
into the air. Then she held out her
trunk and wiggled her upturned ear.
Evan scrambled with hands and knees
up her massive, throbbing side and
perched himself, a little bright spot,
on top of the great tonnage of black
flesh.

Then Basil had to go through the per-
formance and she, too, begged Evan to
let her off, but finally did what she was
bidden like a lamb. Each elephant at
once searched his clothes for sugar
when he let her get up.

"Basil," said Mr. Healey, "is one of
the biggest elephants in America now.
She is a little more than nine feet high,
and Babe is almost as big, but 30 years
younger. Basil and Evan have been
friends almost since Evan was born.

He was born in Willis avenue, New
York, and when he was only a few
months old we came to Glen Island and
ever since then Evan and the elephants
have played together. When we first
came here Basil learned to wheel Evan
around in the baby carriage, and it
soon got so that we could turn her
loose with the little one and feel that
he was safer in the protection of his
great nurse than he would have been
under the care of any human attend-
ant.

While the trainer was speaking the
big brutes were jostling each other to
reach Evan and tap him with their
trunks. He stood between their legs,
leaning against them, and the ele-
phants never moved a limb without
looking and feeling to make sure that
they would not step on him. It wasn't
possible to see a bit of him when he
got well behind one of the huge legs,
but he was the master of the elephants
for all that—Kipling's Toomai in real
life.

He gets his love for animals legiti-
mately, for his father has made many
trips to Asia and Africa to get wild
animals for American shows, besides
having been a collector of snakes and
big reptiles in Cuba and South Amer-
ica. He has been an unusually suc-
cessful animal trainer almost all his
life, and Evan has made up his mind
that he will become one, too.—N. Y.
Letter in Kansas City Star.

ONE ON THE GROCER.

How Little Johnny Smartaleck
Forged His Way Ahead in the
Arithmetic Class.

He walked into the grocery store with
a slip of paper in his hand, and the
grocer at once produced his pencil and order
book, for the boy's mother was a good
customer.

"Good morning," said the boy, whose
curly head scarcely reached to the coun-
ter. "I want three and a half pounds
of sugar. It's six cents a pound, ain't it?
And rice is eight? I want two and a
quarter pounds of that. And a quar-
ter pound of your 70-cent tea, and two
and a fifth pounds of your 35-cent coffee,
and three pints of milk. That's eight
cents a quart, ain't it? And please give
me the bill," he ended breathlessly,
"for I have to get to school."

The grocer made out the bill, won-
dering at the queerness of the order,
and handed it to the boy, asking as he did
so:

"Did your mother send the money, or
does she want the goods charged?"
The boy seized the bill and said with
a sign of satisfaction:
"Ma didn't send me at all. It's my
arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it
done somehow."

And as he ran out the grocer opened
the cigar case and handed out smokes
to the men who were there.

"It's on me," he said. "Say, there's
more than one way to skin an eel, isn't
there?"—N. Y. Times.

Law Against Prairie Dogs.

A law for the extermination of prairie
dogs has been passed by the Texas legis-
lature.

She—You say he lost \$50,000 in his
last venture?
He—Yes; the girl who refused him
is said to be worth that amount.—
Yonkers Statesman.

An Excellent Metaphor.
A daughter Imogene is a
fr. Duggins.
Venus de Milo; she
kiss with her arms.

SAVED BY HIS DOG.

Bravo Brought Relief to His Master
Who Was Buried Under a
Load of Wood.

Frank Mullen, a wood hauler, of Jop-
lin, Kan., has his faithful dog to thank
for his life. He was hauling wood from
Shoal creek, near Joplin, one day last
month, when his wagon partially broke
down under a big load. He had to crawl
under the wagon to make repairs. He
knew it was dangerous, but he took the
risk. While he was working the wagon
completely gave way, and Mullen was
buried under a pile of cordwood. He
was not hurt, but was imprisoned so
he could not escape. He was in a se-
cured part of the wood, and his chances
seemed good for starving to death.
Finally he bethought himself of his dog.
Calling him—"Go home, Bruno!" he
commanded. The dog obeyed, and the
morning after the accident occurred
Mrs. Mullen, who had worried all night
about her husband's absence, was at-
tracted to the door by the dog's scratch-
ing and howling. When she opened the
door she noticed he had a bad cut on
one of his shoulders. He had been hit
there by a stick from the falling load.
Mrs. Mullen, who had worried all night
and, ordering the dog to return to his
master, set out, following him. The
dog led her directly to where Mullen
was, several miles distant, and, with
the aid of the man who accompanied
her, Mrs. Mullen was able to extricate
her husband. He was half starved, but
unhurt.

Onion Juice Beats Paste.
Paper may be securely gummed to
metal by the aid of onion juice.

His Views.
First Politician—Don't you think an
officeholder should support the party?
"Of course. If he doesn't, he ought to
lose his job for pernicius inactivity."
—Brooklyn Life.

Keep in a Cool Place.
Yeast—Isn't it a fact that the place to
look for fish is in the refrigerator?
Crimsonbeak—Why, yes; we always
keep ours in the ice chest.—Yonkers
Statesman.

WONDERFUL
DISCOVERY

Curly Hair Made Straight By



TAKEN FROM LIFE!
BEFORE AND AFTER TREATMENT.

ORIGINAL
OZONIZED OX MARROW

"It is a wonderful hair pomade in the only safe
preparation in the world that makes curly
hair straight as shown above. It cures
the scalp, prevents the hair from fall-
ing out or breaking off, cures dandruff and
makes the hair grow long and silky. Sold
everywhere and used by thousands. Warrented
hairless. It was the first preparation ever
sold for straightening kinky hair. Beware of
imitations. Get the Original Ozonized
Ox Marrow as the genuine never fails to
keep the hair straight, soft and beautiful, giv-
ing it that healthy, life-like appearance so
much desired. A bottle is necessary for ladies,
gentlemen and children. Elegantly per-
fumed. It is superior and lasting quality. It
is equal to any hair pomade with every
bottle. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists and
dealers or send us 50 cents for one bot-
tle or \$1.00 for three bottles. We pay all
express charges. Send postal or express
money order. Please mention name of this
paper when ordering. Write your name and
address plainly to:

76 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

REOPENING

AVERY

College Trade School

Reopens